

10-24-1891

The Herald, October 24, 1891

Cedarville University

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarville_herald



Part of the [Civic and Community Engagement Commons](#), [Family, Life Course, and Society Commons](#), and the [Mass Communication Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Cedarville University, "The Herald, October 24, 1891" (1891). *The Cedarville Herald*. 106.
http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarville_herald/106

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Cedarville, a service of the Centennial Library. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Cedarville Herald by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@Cedarville. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@cedarville.edu.

The Herald.

VOL. 12

CEDARVILLE, OHIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 24, 1891

NO. 38

THE HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 24, 1891.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

Ed. Smith passed the week at the reservoir.

Moss Tomlinson is very ill with typhoid fever.

Will Torrence spent Sunday and Monday in Chicago with his wife.

Mrs. Carpenter, of Lima, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Anna Townsley, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Townsley and Mrs. Ames Creswell visited friends in Indiana this week.

We are authorized to announce the name of Luther Townsley as a candidate for Justice of the Peace at the full election.

Hon. J. J. Ashenurst, candidate for Governor on the prohibition ticket in Ohio this fall, will speak in Cedarville next Wednesday evening, at the Opera House.

Mrs. Elizabeth Huffman died at Dayton last Sunday and was brought to Cedarville Wednesday for interment. The funeral services were held in the Methodist church, conducted by Rev. J. L. Tufts.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.—A. M. Gonnell and Edith Daugherty; Benjamin Anderson and Cora Merritt; Edward Stubbs and Annie Kelley; Charles Burkman and Viola Rex; Gilliam Crittenden and Lizzie Phillips; Amon E. Kelle and Sarah Rowan.

LADIES—Who will do writing for me at home will make good wages. Address, with self-addressed stamped envelope, Miss Flora D. Jones, South Band, Ind., Proprietor Famous "Blush of Roses" for the complexion, 75 cents per bottle. Beware of imitators.

The following are the judges and clerks selected for this township at the coming election:
Northern Precinct.—Hen, Barber, Wm. Stevenson, W. R. McMillan, D. S. Dixon, Lee Stewart, John McCorkle.
Southern Precinct.—H. Turnbull, P. J. T. B. Andrew, John A. Mitchell, R. H. McClellan, E. W. Smith, H. M. Stormont.

Hunters, Take Notice.
All, without regard to age, color or previous condition are forbidden under the penalty of the law to trespass or hunt with gun or dog on the Williamson or other premises controlled by me. St. J. H. Brotherton.

Greene Co. Teachers' Association.

PROGRAMME FOR THE MEETING TO BE HELD AT XENIA, O., OCT. 31, '91.

A. M.—The Teacher and the Child, by Dr. J. K. Sayrs.

Discussion opened by Miss Adelaide Hardy.

Work among the Little Ones, by Anna Torrence.

Discussion opened by Miss Anna Morrow.

Report of Township Commissioners on course of study.

Recitation, by Miss Josie Whittington.

P. M.—University Extension, by M. J. Flannery.

Discussion opened by G. A. Hubble.

Lecture—The Money Value of Education, by N. H. Chaney, A. M., of Washington U. H. O.

Good music. Com.

Charles Jones, who has been playing ball the past season with the Quincy, Illinois, baseball club, returned home Wednesday to spend the winter.

The following is a report of the McIntyre school for the month beginning September 14th and ending October 11th:

Number of pupils enrolled, 22. Average daily attendance, 16. Pupils present every day were Jimmie Alsop, Clarence and Alvin Stormont, Charlie Smith and Bertha Cordell. Those having the highest grades during the month were: Arithmetic, A class, Davy Baer; B class, Fannie Raney; B grade, A class, May Raney; B class, Jimmie Alsop; Physiology, Davy Baer; History, Davy Baer; Grammar, A class, Davy Baer; B class, May Raney; Geography, A class, Davy Baer; B class, Fannie and May Raney; Spelling, A class, Gusta Randall; B class, Jimmie Alsop; C class, Clarence Stormont.

Honor Roll.—Cecil George, Gusta Randall, Davy Baer, Whitmer Alexander, Alvin Stormont, Carl Whitaker, Robbie Randall, Fannie and May Raney, Flora Whitaker, Mary Williamson, Iva Calloway and Bertha Cordell.

NANNIE McLEAN, Teacher.

TRANSFERS.

Allen A. Jellison to James W. Wingate, undivided one-tenth of lots 9 and 10, Bellbrook, \$15.

Walter J. Marshall to J. T. Hornaday, 1/2 lot 68, Yellow Springs, \$430.

Mary Garrett to Larena Tracy, one acre, Caesar creek, \$1.

H. H. McMillan, Adm'r, to Anna L. Smiley, 35 acres in Cedarville tp., \$1,400.

Adam Shaner to U. O. Sanders, one acre, Silvercreek, \$10.

Ann P. Ridenour to Catherine E. Trader, 237 square feet, Xenia, \$1.

H. C. Dean to Xenia Butter and Cheese Manufacturing Company, land on Valley road, Xenia, \$325.

James M. Linkhart to Joseph W. and Orlanda W. Linkhart, 243 acres, Xenia tp., \$1,000 and other considerations.

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers; the largest stock, the lowest prices, at Bird's.

Underwear, Hosiery and Gloves, at Bird's.

Children's Overcoats from \$2.50 to \$5.00, at Bird's.

Hanging Lamps, Stand Lamps—beautiful goods and exceedingly low prices, at Bird's.

Cranberries, Oysters and Celery always on hand at Bird's.

New Sorghum Molasses at Bird's.

Fresh Bulk Oysters, at McCorkle's.

Celery, at McCorkle's.

Cranberries, at McCorkle's.

Yellow Danver Onions, at McCorkle's.

Boneless Cod Fish, at McCorkle's.

Fresh Sorghum Molasses, at McCorkle's.

Potted Tongue and Ham, at McCorkle's.

Evaporated Horse Radish, at McCorkle's.

French Mustard, at McCorkle's.

Flower Pots, Fancy, at McCorkle's.

Hunters' Supplies, at McCorkle's.

Shells loaded to order at McCorkle's.

Buckwheat Flour, at McCorkle's.

Window glass and glazing at Andrew Bros. and Co.

ANNUAL CONVENTION

OF

Young People's Societies

OF

XENIA PRESBYTERY

TO MEET IN

CEDARVILLE, OHIO, U. P. CHURCH,

October 29th and 30th, '91.

THURSDAY.

7:30 P. M.—Devotional, Mary Rife, Clifton.

8:00 P. M.—Address, Rev. W. J. Buchanan, Xenia.

FRIDAY.

9:00 A. M.—Devotional, W. H. Lackey, Jamestown.

9:30 A. M.—Business.

10:00 A. M.—"The Master's Claim Upon the Young," Member from Sugar Creek.

10:20 A. M.—Advantages of Early Consecration, Jennie Wead, 3d Xenia.

10:45 A. M.—"Special Fields Open to the Young," Member from Reynoldsburg.

11:00 A. M.—Reports from Societies.

11:15 A. M.—"Bible Study," Dr. Moorehead.

12:00 M.—Dinner.

2:00 P. M.—Business.

2:30 P. M.—Devotional, Ralph Collins, 2 Xenia.

2:45 P. M.—"Committee and Committee Work," Mary McCulloch, Springfield.

3:15 P. M.—Liberality to be Cultivated and Practiced, Lelia McDill, 1 Xenia.

3:25 P. M.—Address, Two Essentials, What? H. H. Crawford, Seminary.

3:45 P. M.—"Bible Study, Dr. Moorehead.

4:20 P. M.—"Consecration Meeting," Paul Stewart, Seminary.

Avenue, Oatmeal

Cracked wheat

Granulated Hominy

Farino, Parched Farinose

Peaches, Apricots and Prunes

Wood and Willow ware at

GRAY'S

GOOD LOOKS.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver be inactive you have a Billious Look, if the stomach be disordered you have a dyspeptic look and if your kidneys be affected you have a Pinched Look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alternative and tonic acts directly on these vital organs. Cures pimples, blotches, boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at B. G. Ridgway's Drugstore, 50c per bottle.

LOVERS OF FLOWERS

WILL FIND

BULBS AT GRAY'S

I have laid in a large stock of bulbs of all descriptions for winter blooming, including Hyacinths, Crocuses, Duc van Thol Tulips all colors, Lillium Harrissi, Single and double mixed Tulips, etc., etc. Call and make your selections at once.

ROBERT GRAY.

FOR SALE.

A good No. 8 Coal Cook Stove, with reservoir and kitchen, cheap. Apply at this office.

The only absolutely complete line of Drugs in the county of certain purity, at Ridgway's Pharmacy.

Butter, Jersey. Milk Crackers at GRAY'S.

Buy your fresh and salt meats at the old reliable meat store of C. W. Crouse.

The finest line of fresh and salt meats in the county at

C. W. Dean's

Fresh cakes and bread at the bakery.

JACOB SEIGLER

Fruit Cans.

We are selling our own make of fruit cans at fifty cents per dozen.

Crouse and Bull.

Go to Boyd's restaurant for a good meal, only 25 cent.

Smith's the place for a seafoam.

Fish at GRAY'S.

Syrup and Molasses at GRAY'S.

Tobacos and Cigars at GRAY'S.

If you want a good lunch or a square meal go to Boyd's and try him once.

Smoke the "Woodsdale," at

Ridgway's.

New Lamps of every kind and Lamp Trimmings, at

Ridgway's.

Window Glass and Putty, at

Ridgway's.

Spices of all kinds for pickles, at

Ridgway's.

Every kind of Patent Medicines in stock, at

Ridgway's.

School Books and supplies at

Ridgway's.

Elegant assortment of Stationery, at

Ridgway's.

FOR ALE.

Three Delaine rams, and one milch cow. Call on C. E. COOLEY. 2t

Cheese, Crackers and Ginger snaps at

GRAY'S.

Barbed wire for fences at

Andrew Bro & Co.

Spring repair work at Murray's harness shop.

A fine line of pocket and table cutlery at

Crouse & Bull's.

Rolled Avena and Wheat, Oatmeal and Cracked Wheat, Farino and

Parched Farinose, Pearl Barley, Granulated Hominy at

GRAY'S.

Corn, Tomatoes, Beans, &c., at

GRAY'S.

Pronounced Hopeless. Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd, of Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Saviour, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles; it has cured me and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman." Trial bottles free at B. G. Ridgway's Drugstore, regular size, 50 cents and \$1.00

4

Sunday Excursions via the Pennsylvania Lines.

Tickets at one fare for the round trip between any two stations on the Cincinnati Division from Columbus and Springfield to Cincinnati inclusive will be sold by the P. C. C. & St. L. Ry. Co. on each Sunday until further notice, during the summer of 1891

THE PLAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE



Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry.

The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS; Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oakes, Des Moines, Winnebago, Audubon, Harlan and Council Bluffs, in IOWA; Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA; Watertown and Sioux Falls, in S.DAKOTA; Cameron, St. Joseph and Kansas City, in MISSOURI; Omaha, Lincoln, Fairbury and Nelson, in NEBRASKA; Atchison, Leavenworth, Horton, Topeka, Hays, Wichita, Bellevue, Abilene, Dodge City, Caldwell, in KANSAS; Kingfisher, El Reno and Minco, in INDIAN TERRITORY; Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, in COLORADO. Traverses new areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago and to Pacific and trans-oceanic seaports.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, between CHICAGO and DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS and OMAHA, and between CHICAGO and DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS and PUEBLO, via KANSAS CITY and TOPEKA and via ST. JOSEPH. First-Class Day Coaches, FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS, and Palace Sleepers, with Dining Car Service. Close connections at Denver and Colorado Springs with divergent railway lines, now forming the new and picturesque

STANDARD GAUGE TRANS-ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROUTE

Over which superbly-equipped trains run daily THROUGH WITHOUT CHANGE to and from Salt Lake City, Ogden and San Francisco. THE ROCK ISLAND is also the Direct and Favorite Line to and from Hamilton, Pike's Peak, and all other sanitary and scenic resort and cities and mining districts in Colorado.

DAILY FAST EXPRESS TRAINS

From St. Joseph and Kansas City to and from all important towns, cities and sections in Southern Nebraska, Kansas and the Indian Territory. Also via ALBERT LEA ROUTE from Kansas City and Chicago to Watertown, Sioux Falls, MINNEAPOLIS and ST. PAUL, connecting for all points north and northwest between the lakes and the Pacific Coast.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information apply to any Coupon Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Manager, Gen'l Trk. & Pass. Agt., CHICAGO, ILL.

●

If you want a stylish livery rig go to Boyd's.

Sweet, spiced and sour pickles at GRAY'S.

Go to Charlie Smith for a shave.

Teeth extracted without pain by application of cocaine at Dr. Homer's office.

Salt Soda, Borax, Alum, Sulphur, Saltpetre and Blue Vitrol at Bull's.

Wanted some one scarce of children to care for my horses and do other chores. House rent free. D. S. Ervin.

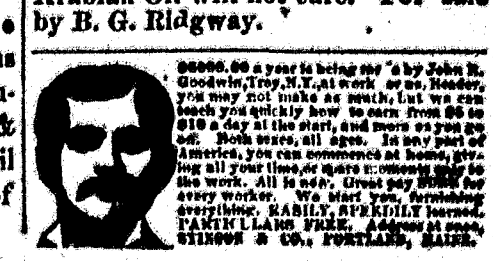
MILLINERY.

You will find all the new shapes in felthats, new colors in velvets and ribbons and all in latest novelties at BARBER and McMILLAN.

OFFICE OF DITTOE & GALLIN,

Dealers in fine horses, Columbus, O. GENTLEMEN—Early last spring one of our horses was seriously injured by being kicked. Arabian Oil was recommended to us and we gave it a trial. The result was not only satisfactory, but surprising. The wound healed rapidly, and the animal was ready for use in a few days. Since that time we have by its use cured a number of cases of scratches and removed some bad cases of curb. Arabian Oil is undoubtedly the best general Stock Liniment that we ever used, and we advise Farmers and Horsemen to keep a supply of it in their stables at all times. Yours Respectfully, DITTOE & GALLIN.

We offer \$100 for a case of Scratches Arabian Oil will not cure. For sale by B. G. Ridgway.



The Cedarville Herald.

W. H. BLAIR, Publisher.
CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

SNAKE PARADISE.

An Oregon Town That is Overrun by Reptiles.

The most unique locality to be found by the sportsman is probably that surrounding the town of Linkville, in Klamath county, Ore. The town nestles at the foot of a large mountain, and lies right on the bank of what is locally known as the Link river. This stream—which is quite large—connects the upper and lower Klamath lakes, is alive with thousands, and probably millions, of large fish, which are constantly passing to and fro between the two lakes, and are as constantly jumping out of the water in sight of the town. They are of all sorts and sizes. Some of them appear to be cutting up these antics for the fun of the thing, and some to shake some kind of an eel-looking creature which attacks them in the water and becomes attached to their sides, causing the fish apparently much suffering. It is no uncommon thing for large fish to be taken there whose sides are all scarred up in consequence of these attacks.

It would not be surprising if many fish were thus destroyed. Probably there are not in the world two lakes more numerous stocked with trout than the upper and lower Klamath lakes. Judging by map measurement, they each average thirty miles in length by ten miles in width. Many large streams empty into them, affording splendid fishing and spawning grounds. Lying east of the range of mountains, where genuine winter prevails in the season for it, the water is better and the fish healthy and solid—features which do not prevail on the western side of the mountain, where an "Indian" has to be consulted to ascertain accurately the season of the year.

But to revert to Link river. There is another and very peculiar feature about its banks; they are a snake paradise. The blue ribbon—though it may have been consistently worn by the sportsman for the last decade of his life—will not prevent the seeing of tens of thousands of snakes in a walk of half a mile from the town. They are of a harmless variety, and of all colors and sizes, six inches to six feet in length. On warm, sunny days they lie twisted together in heaps of hundreds and it is not uncommon to see three thousand of them in fifteen minutes' walk. If disturbed while taking their siesta, in their effort to get away they become twisted into the form of a cable as large as a man's body and cannot move. According to an estimate made by one of the oldest and most intelligent inhabitants of that vicinity there are snakes enough in that country to build a wall four feet wide and four feet high at least a mile long. Some of the farms there are fenced with walls laid up with round water-worn stones. These walls constitute the home of thousands of these reptiles. If one of these walls is approached, from nearly ever interlaced a snake's head will be protruded with forked tongue forbidding trespass on their domain. What is singular about this whole affair is the protection afforded these reptiles by the inhabitants there. They will not allow them to be killed or even injured. Their children, familiarized with them from their birth, have no loathing or fear of the reptiles, but pick them up and play with them, as any other child does with a toy, under caution of the parents not to hurt them. The reasons given by the farmers and others for this protection are three. First, the farmers could raise no crops without their aid in destroying various bugs, insects and vermin which would otherwise overrun the whole region with destruction of all living vegetation; second, the reptiles smell sickening enough living, but their stench is intolerable when dead; and third, they devour and reduce the number of frogs, and hereby hangs a tale.

Annually there descend upon Linkville and the surrounding country untold millions of little creatures, resembling frogs, and about the size of a small one, which are reminders of the Biblical frogs of Egypt. Where they come from no one seems to know, but it is probable they come from the rivers and lakes and Klamath marshes. Upon their arrival every door and window has to be closed against them, or they will invade the houses in countless numbers and dispute possession of every part thereof, even to the bed. The entrance to and exit from a house is done with instantaneous celerity and a resounding slam to the door which, under ordinary circumstances, would betray a passionate mood. Of course the streets of the town are full of them. And now the snake takes his annual feast. And thus is nature's law of supply and demand fulfilled.—Forest and Stream.

An Unverified Rumor.

Reporter—Pardon me, but I have called to inquire if there is any truth in the rumor that you are to be married in St. Paul's church next Tuesday morning to Mr. Bangup?

Great Actress—I do not know the gentleman.

What? Not know Mr. Bangup? Why, his name has been coupled with yours for the past two years.

Yes, I know, but I have not met him yet.—N. Y. Weekly.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

CONFEDERATE CAVE-DWELLERS.

How Southern Deserters Hid Themselves to Escape Army Service.

The deserter made a vast improvement on the burrow of the runaway Negro. His cave was larger, better constructed and better appointed than its prototype, but not better concealed. Banding together in squads of two or three, some unfrequented place would be chosen, generally on a hillside to avoid moisture, and as near a stream as practicable, for the easiest and safest way of disposing of the earth thrown up in digging the pit was to dump it in running water. The site being carefully selected and reconnoitered from every possible way of approach, a watch was set, and work was begun and pressed with the utmost dispatch.

First the leaves or pine-needles were raked back and a space "lined off," usually six by eight feet, but often considerably larger. Then the ubiquitous bedquilt was spread to catch every particle of the tell-tale clay, and grubbing hoes, spades and all available implements were put in rapid motion. As any prolongation of the work increased the danger of discovery, the object was to get it dug and concealed at the earliest possible moment. Every hand that could be trusted—old men, women and children—was called in to assist. To these auxiliaries fell the hardest part of the task, that of disposing of the dirt, which of course could not be left near the cave. This was generally "toted" away in buckets and piggins, and dumped in the adjacent stream, and as the direction from which the cave was approached had to be constantly changed lest the faintest vestige of a path should betray the spot, the labor of transporting eight or ten cubic yards of earth in this primitive fashion was no light undertaking.

The proper depth, commonly about six feet, being attained, a fireplace was cut in the earthen sides of the cave and connected with a fine cut through the adjacent earth. Across the pit, and slightly below the surface, were then placed stout poles, and on these the roof of pine boards, while over all the earth and leaves were carefully replaced so as to conceal all signs of having been disturbed. Pine-needles made a very good carpet. A bed was constructed by driving forked stakes into the ground, and upon these were laid small poles topped with pine boughs. Sometimes a "cupboard" was cut in the earthen walls.

What gave the cave-dweller most concern was the disposal of the smoke from his chimney. Even under the best of circumstances, in the fairest, warmest weather, and in the driest soil, a cave was a dismal abode. There was a darkness, a chilliness, a strange and grave-like silence down there, which made fire, the only light obtainable in those hard times, an indispensable companion. When rainy weather came and the walls oozed water, only heat made it habitable. Care was taken to use the driest and most smokeless fuel, but as even that, though burnt ever so sparingly in the daytime, would cause some smoke, various plans were hit upon to minimize the danger of betrayal from this source. When practicable, the cave would be dug near a dead tree, which was first blackened by fire, unless one could be found already partially burned by the chance fire of some con or opossum hunter. Failing this, an old tree-stump, after being charred, was ingeniously planted over the chimney mouth so that the smoke might rise through or around it. The object of these devices was, of course, that should any unfriendly eye discover the smoke, it would be attributed to one of the accidental fires which sometimes smoldered in dead timber for weeks at a time. But, as a rule, the occupants, putting their dependence on good eyesight and legs, would, when no especial danger was apprehended, betake themselves to the woods during the day, and use the caves only as sleeping-places. Indeed, few of the deserters took refuge underground except in cases of pressing need, which, toward the last, were very frequent.

Entrance to the cave was usually had by means of a small trap-door in the roof, in the concealment of which much care and ingenuity were also expended. In addition to the leaves always kept on it, a tree would often be felled over the spot, the boughs serving not only to screen the entrance from view, but likewise to lessen the danger of any one walking directly over the cave. As it was all-important that no trace of a path should be seen thereabout, the trunk of the tree afforded a safe walk-way, care being taken always to approach it from different directions. The presence of a newly felled tree, like a burning one, attracted little suspicion, being charged to the Negro opossum-hunter.—David Dodge, in Atlantic.

HOW THEY SWAPPED HORSES.

A Confederate Scout Who Got the Better of the Union General.

Among the many brilliant figures whose gallantry and daring won only local celebrity in North Carolina during the war, none was more conspicuous than O'Neil, the scout. Accomplished and daring, yet he was wholly unknown beyond the limit of his field of action. He was a handsome man, tall, muscular and graceful, a fine swordsman, a capital shot and one of the best riders that ever put a foot in a stirrup. He never forgot a road or the lay of the land, and he always remembered a

face or a voice. For the rest he was cool, quick-witted, quiet and observant. During the time that my command was in eastern North Carolina I frequently served as a scout with O'Neil and not seldom accompanied him into the enemy's lines, especially about the time that Gen. Hoke made his march against Newbern.

In that town lived a pretty woman who was a great friend of O'Neil, and who was also very much admired by Gen. Terry, the commandant of the union forces stationed there. Miss—, for patriotic reasons, accepted the attentions of the general, and betrayed his confidences unscrupulously to O'Neil. Whenever there was a ball given in the city O'Neil attended if possible. Superbly uniformed as a federal officer or plainly dressed as a citizen, he invariably monopolized Miss—, to the great chagrin of Gen. Terry, who relished a bit of flirtation with a pretty woman as much as most men.

On one occasion, when O'Neil had absorbed the lady's attention, Gen. Terry came up and abruptly demanded his name and regiment. O'Neil was masquerading as a captain in a newly arrived regiment, and gave the required information without a moment's hesitation. But Gen. Terry's suspicions had evidently been aroused and he demanded to see his papers.

O'Neil measured him with a cool stare and then said quietly: "This is a very singular demand, Gen. Terry, but if you will accompany me to the hall, where I left my overcoat, I think I can satisfy you."

Gen. Terry, with singular obtuseness, if he really had any suspicions, went with him. There were only a few soldiers standing near the door, and they were absorbed watching the ball-room. Now it chanced that O'Neil always hung his coat near the outer door. He slipped his hand into the pocket, saying:

"I hope this will settle the question satisfactorily, general," and as he withdrew it he brought the heavy barrel of a navy revolver with stunning force across the head of the doubting general, and dashing at full speed through the open door turned a corner and disappeared before the panic created by his daring had time to subside.

On another occasion his audacity took a bolder flight. Gen. Terry owned a superb cream-colored thoroughbred horse, which he valued so highly that he had it cared for like a scion of royalty.

O'Neil had a passion for a fine horse, and wanted it, and bet he ran high in camp as to how soon he would ride in on the thoroughbred.

One day an awkward, gangling "sand hill tackey," dressed in copperas-dyed jeans and wearing large silver-rimmed spectacles, presented himself at Terry's headquarters and asked for a permit to pass through the lines. To a close examination he gave such unquestionable evidence of good faith, soft brains and "buffalo" royalty that the pass was given him amid much chaffing, and Gen. Terry asked him how he meant to travel. "On a critter," he answered. "A horse, I suppose you mean. Well, where is he?"

"Hitched out thar in the street," said the cracker, pointing to a small, fuzzy, indescribably wretched-looking little Banker pony.

"Why, you don't expect to ride twenty miles on that miserable brute, do you?" asked the general.

"Thout I kin swap him for a better," was the reply as the old man shuffled awkwardly out of the room.

About two hours before dawn a man riding a superb cream-colored horse presented himself at the outposts, showed his permit from Gen. Terry and was allowed to pass through the lines without question, and three hours later both horse and rider were safe in the confederate lines.

When Terry's hostler went in the morning to feed and groom his magnificent charger he found instead a small and most wretched-looking Banker pony fastened with a rope halter, to which was attached a card bearing this inscription:

"Swapped for a better," and left for Gen. Terry with the compliments of O'NEIL, Scout, C. S. A.

It is needless to say that although Gen. Terry offered a one thousand dollar reward for O'Neil, he never saw either man or beast again.—N. Y. Recorder.

Gen. Bragg's Humor.

Many years before the war Gen. Braxton Bragg, then a captain of artillery, was detailed to assist the engineers in making surveys of the rivers in Alabama and Mississippi. The chief of engineers wrote to him asking him to ascertain how far the Tombigbee river ran up. In the course of a few weeks a reply was received. Bragg stated that in obedience to orders he had carefully examined the stream, with all its turns, bends and tributaries, and that he had the honor to report that the Tombigbee did not run up at all, running down in every part of its course. This answer caused a storm to break out in the engineer's office, and there were talks of court-martial, but as Bragg was technically correct in his answer, the matter was dropped, but the offending officer was sent back to his regiment.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—Not an Object of Pity.—Hunker—Miss Blanche said 'No' to me last night. Spats—Poor fellow! Hunker—Oh, I don't need sympathy. I merely asked her if my calling was disagreeable to her.—Detroit Free Press.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

A WOMAN'S DUTY TO WOMAN.

Neglect Not Our Own Sex in Our Works of Charity and Alms-Giving.

(From a paper read by Frances Power Cobbe, before the Conference of Women Workers held at Birmingham, England.)

That the weaker half of the human race should want help oftener than the stronger, and want it more sorely, is a mere truism. That it should get the help so needed first and most liberally, would seem to follow as a matter of course. But it has fallen out very much otherwise. "First come, first served," has been the rule; and men have pushed into every banquet of life, and generally left the crumbs for women. Perhaps we are bound to make excuse for them when they endow magnificent schools and colleges for boys, and build asylums for old men, without thinking of educating girls or of providing for aged women. Their own favorite fiction, the great Masculine Myth that every girl and every woman is amply and entirely provided for in mind, body and estate, from childhood to old age, by some individual man, has, no doubt, something to do with their inveterate habit of overlooking the claims of our sex.

But, at least, we might have hoped that whenever a woman grew rich, and was charitably disposed, she would know better; and would make the relief of the pressing needs of her sisters the prominent object of her bounty. Not so, by any means, alas! Till the present generation rich women have simply followed in the ruts of the masculine almsgivers. They have built almshouses for old men; hospitals for sick men; schools and colleges for young men; and, finally, have even endowed bishoprics—of course, for clergymen! But of all the wise plans to-day, having for their object to support and reach and protect women, young and old, scarcely one was so much as thought of even by famous female philanthropists thirty years ago. How often, at that remote date, was my indignation aroused when I went around, for example, the workhouses of London with good Louisa Twining, and visited other infirmaries and hospitals and asylums in the provinces, in France and Italy; and nearly everywhere found that wherever there was a choice between large and fairly good wards and others with some terrible defect (such, for example, as a carpet-beating yard immediately beneath the window, so that they could never be opened, or an iron yard, where the din rendered the strongest voice inaudible to the inmates), the good wards were given to the sick men; and the defective ones to the sick women! How much worse was it when I went over Christ church, at Oxford, and compared that and all the other glorious old colleges, where my own three brothers had been educated, to the humble little beginnings of Gorton, then at Hitchen! The sick, the destitute, the young and the old—it was all the same. The wants of women were either unprovided for altogether, or allowed a mean and miserable residue of the provision made for men.

It is like a dream verified in daylight to me to witness the present state of things, and the number of able, active, gifted women who are to-day devotedly performing the duty of women to women. I am not one of those who hold that all women ought to be devoted (so far as public work is concerned) to charity only; and to be all nurses of the sick, or all teachers of the young. There are many women with small gifts for these vocations, and large ones for art, science, learning, literature, commerce and administration. But, nevertheless, it does seem to me that of the divine shambrook, the true, the beautiful and the good, the leaf of the good will always be the chosen one of the majority of women. I mean the definite effort to soothe the bodily pains and promote the joys, and train and lift and purify the souls of their brothers and sisters. I believe charity essentially to be a feminine divinity, and that a woman is never so thoroughly in her natural groove, working in the plane of her best faculties (not, as in many other pursuits, across their bent) as when she is engaged in some sort of philanthropy. She is like a collie dog who may, indeed, be taught to live sleekly and behave himself admirably on the drawing-room rug, but who never shows himself for what he is worth, and is never so gleeful as when he is sent to gather all the stray lambs on the side of the mountain.

By giving your hearts to your cause of charity, even if it be a sad and painful charity, you will learn thereby precious secrets. You will find how all your personal cares and aims seem to dwindle and become comparatively insignificant. You will learn how noble are the friendships which spring out on common work in unselfish and holy tasks; friendships to which the comradeships of social pleasures are as dross to gold. And you will learn what it is to feel, when the evening of life closes in—whether you have or have not been allowed to "see of the travail of your soul"—that you have done what in you lay to bring relief to the suffering, guidance to the erring, restoration to the fallen and justice to the wronged and miserable. In other words, you will feel that you have not only prayed to God, but lived the prayer.—Woman's Journal.

ANNA M. ROTHST, of Brooklyn, has just been granted a patent for an upper case treadle attachment for typewriting machines.

THE UTILITY WOMAN.

A Place for Those of General Ability But No Particular Training.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in a recent letter to a New York daily, urged the bringing out of the "utility woman." This woman is the need of our civilization. Mrs. Wilcox wrote from a locality where there are a hundred summer cottages, but only two women who can be got for any extra service. She suggests that for this particular locality the utility woman should be able to give a thorough rubbing to the bather after a bath; that she should know how to dry the hair by the use of brush and fan; be an expert at cleaning lamps; know how to run a sewing-machine, and be able to manage a waiter's pantry through a dinner party.

One of the constant problems that we face continually in our civilization is how to bring the demand and supply together. Capable women are met frequently who have a general all-around skill, but no training in any one line; they can not find any work; and on the other hand are numbers of women ready to pay for just such service as these very women could render. It seems a comparatively easy matter to establish a bureau where the work and the worker might be brought together. Services could be paid for by the hour. In the summer season the managers of women's exchanges might easily arrange for the placing of as many workers as each locality might require in that locality. An anxious mother would be glad to pay for the services of an intelligent woman for a few hours while she went on a drive, or to town, or to an evening entertainment. There are cases of sickness that do not require a trained nurse, where an intelligent woman might render great service by relieving the family for a few hours each day. There is the work, and there are the workers waiting; where is the medium of communication?

Certainly this is an opportunity for our philanthropic or women's business organizations.—Christian Union.

An Explorer's Faithful Wife.

The French African explorer, Paul Crampé, who was killed a short time ago, left a devoted wife in Paris to whom he had been married but three months before he departed upon his last expedition. Mme. Crampé took the greatest interest in her husband's ambitious projects, and not only aided him in his preparations for departure, but continued to act as his agent and secretary, putting in order the rough notes and other documents which he continued to forward for some time after he reached Congo, learning to draw that she might reproduce the scenes and events described or cursorily jotted down by the traveler. She was thus enabled to illustrate a book published on the subject by M. Allis, a friend of M. Crampé. She was at Rochefort, whither M. Allis had gone to deliver a lecture on the expedition, when the latter received the news of the massacre. Forgetful of her own sorrow, she immediately set out for Aire-sur-la-Lys, where the parents of her unfortunate husband reside, to break the terrible news to them, while at the same time she took measures to insure that the near relations of the other victims should be informed privately of the catastrophe before the announcements should appear in the papers.

WOMAN IN MANY LANDS.

The chief caterer of fashionable society in Washington is a woman, who occupies a most unpretentious little shop. She has served every president since the days of Harrison's grandfather.

FRANKLIN KNUTSON was lately chosen cantor, organist, and bell-ringer in a little town named Holland, near Gothenburg, in Sweden, by a great majority of votes. Petitions were presented to the king to declare the election invalid, but he has confirmed it.

We want individual men—that has long been recognized; but we want also individual women—that has only lately been recognized; when once woman becomes an individual in the truest and highest sense, civilization will have reached the threshold of its most glorious period.—Popular Science Monthly.

GOVERNMENT schools are to be established in San Salvador, where free education will be given to women to fit them for places in the government offices, as post office clerks, printers and telegraph and telephone operators. Women have not hitherto been employed in these places, and are not considered competent to fill them without special training.

In 1870's war with Chili, when men were scarce in the former state, girls were employed as street-car conductors. The experiment proved so satisfactory, that the custom has been continued, and now on all lines one sees the girl-conductors in pretty blue-flannel dresses, Panama hats and white frilled pinafores, which are liberally provided with pockets for carrying tickets and change.

MISS SALLIE MATTHEWS, the new postmistress at Cloverport, Ky., is an energetic little woman. For six years, though she is still under thirty, she was agent at Cloverport of a large cooperage company, with two hundred men and several steamboats under her control, and she often stood on the hurricane deck of a boat and ordered work done, and at times was known to stand hot watch at the wheel.

Saving the



lives before them. On one of the big plantations the Shreveport every effort was made to withstand the force of the water, which shook on the present foot. It was almost dusk, but did not rest for days of Tom Aiken, the player, whom and cheered them on, which seemed so hopeless, for the fact that every with his work, a little nearly dropped his spade, between the wheels of a wagon, might have been hurried away around the embankment. He ran quickly along a mile without a rest, down the narrow, slippery path, and was left between the levee. The boy said when he became convinced in pursuit of him, he heard the loud, cheerful Aiken back at the break together, boys!" "Huh! All work together. 'Yessir, but you bigger done tired or you le gwine to sleep, I is eyes far two whole days gwine round the p'int an' go to sleep." In his eagerness to reach the little negro quag, again. It was now all his eyes had grown a gloom. He could see of the levee, which see with a promontory of quag; he could see all in the road. His little ured perhaps a mile ominous roar of the stop and peer over rushing waters. As he scrambled up a clod of loosened earth into the road below, orifice which it left a muddy water trickled his breath quickly over his hand. "Lordy!" he exclaimed, "Lordy! what I gwine still another mile be

HE PRESSED THE point, and he a few old women and he could get source. It was to where the he was afraid after having run was not a moment to be done? great responsibility If the little op immediately it few moments it would be swept. He stood up. There was no he might find a passing wage. With sudden down over the which the yielded to hands and feet patting it to n while The difficult out his voliti after it was the consequer unreasoning o'clock. How remain there morning. H by from his dared not m the crevasse He could Every minute could not be below. The the hoot of roar of the

LITY WOMAN.

of General Ability
of the "utility" woman
is the need of one
a. Wilcox wrote from
there are a hundred
but only two women
for any extra service.
it for this particular
ty woman should be
rough rubbing to the
bath; that she should
the hair by the use of
an expert at clean-
how to run a sewing-
able to manage a catch-
up a dinner party.
stant problems that
ly in our civilization
a demand and supply
ble women are met
have a general all-
to training in any one
ot find any work; and
are numbers of wom-
for just such ser-
very women
eems a comparatively
ablish a bureau where
he worker might be
Services could be
our. In the summer
gers of women's ex-
sily arrange for the
ny workers as each
ure in that locality.
r would be glad to
ices of an intelligent
ours while she went
own, or to an evening
There are, cases of
not require a trained
intelligent woman
service by relieving
few hours each day,
and there are the
where is the medium
an opportunity for
r women's business
istian Union.

Faithful Wife.
ican explorer, Paul
killed a short time
d wife in Paris to
married but three
departed upon his
fme. Crampel took
est in her husband's
and not only added
ions for departure,
act as his agent and
in order the rough
ocuments which he
ard for some time
Congo, learning to
ight reproduce the
scribed or cursorily
a traveler. She was
strate a book pub-
ject by M. Allis.
Crampel. She
rie, whither M.
o deliver a lecture
when the latter re-
the massacre. For-
sorrow, she immedi-
sur-la-Lys, where
unfortunate husband
a terrible news to
ame time she took
hat the near rela-
clims should be in-
the catastrophe be-
ents should appear

ANY LANDS.

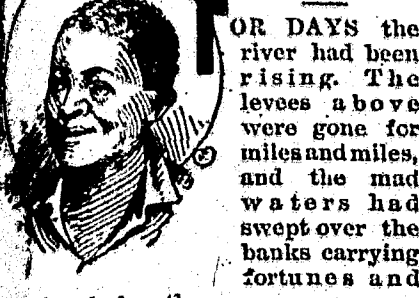
of fashionable so-
is a woman, who
pretentious little
every president
Harrison's grand-

was lately chosen
d bell-ringer in a
land, near Goth-
by a great major-
ns were presented
e the election in-
firmed it.
at men—that has
but we want also
at has only lately
n once woman be-
in the trust and
ization will have
of it most glori-
Science Monthly.
Is are to be estab-
r, where free edu-
to women to fit
a government of
erits, printers and
phone operators
erbs been employ-
ad are not consid-
ll them without

Chill, when men
mer state, girls
rect-car conduc-
proved so satis-
n has been con-
ll lines one sees
pretty blue-flan-
hats and white
h are liberally
s for carrying

ews, the new
port, Ky., is an
For six years,
r thirty, she was
large coverage
ndred men and
er her control,
n the hurries
red work done,
a to stand her

Saving the Levee.



FOR DAYS the
river had been
rising. The
levees above
were gone for
miles and miles,
and the mud
waters had
swept over the
banks carrying
fortunes and
lives before them.

On one of the big plantations oppo-
site Shreveport every effort was being
made to withstand the flood. Hands
were collected from every cabin and
recruited from all the adjoining places
to strengthen the water-soaked levees,
which shook on the pressure of a man's
foot.

It was almost dusk, but the men who
had not rested for days worked with
the strength of fresh vigor as the voice
of Tom Aiken, the planter, directed
them and cheered them on to the task
which seemed so hopeless as the water
crept steadily and steadily higher. But
for the fact that everyone was busy
with his work, a little negro, who sud-
denly dropped his spade and stole away
betwixt the wheels of the big sand
wagon, might have been seen as he
scurried away around the curve in the
embankment.

He ran quickly along for full a quar-
ter of a mile without looking back,
down the narrow, slippery road that
was left between the cotton rows and
the levee. The boy slackened his pace
when he became convinced that no one
was in pursuit of him, and as he did so
he heard the loud, cheery voice of Tom
Aiken back at the break: "All work
together, boys!"

"Huh! All work together," the boy
said. "Yessir, but you bet dis here
nigger done tired er workin' togedder.
Ise gwine to sleep, I is. I an' shet my
eyes for two whole days-an' nights, an'
I gwine round the p'int to Ann' Viny's
an' go to sleep."

In his eagerness to reach the coveted
goal the little negro quickened his pace
again. It was now almost dark, but
his eyes had grown accustomed to the
gloom. He could see the curving line
of the levee, which seemed to tremble
with a premonition of its own inade-
quacy; he could see all the waterpools
in the road. His little legs had meas-
ured perhaps a mile more when the
ominous roar of the river made him
stop and peer over the levee at the
rushing waters.

As he scrambled up the slippery bank
a clod of loosened earth fell heavily
into the road below, and through the
cracks which it left a little stream of
muddy water trickled. The boy caught
his breath quickly when the water ran
over his hand.

"Lordy!" he exclaimed. "Dere's
gwine to be a break right here. Lordy!
Lordy! what I gwine do!"

He stopped to reconsider. There was
still another mile before he could reach

the point, and he knew there were only
a few old women in the cabins there,
and he could get no help from that
source. It was more than a mile back
to where the men were working, and
he was afraid to show himself there
after having run away. Besides there
was not a moment to lose; what was
to be done? The boy knew that a
great responsibility rested upon him.
If the little opening were not stopped
immediately it was only a question of
a few moments before the whole levee
would be swept away.

He stood up and looked about him.
There was no one in sight. He thought
he might find a bag of sand dropped by
a passing wagon, but there was none.
With sudden purpose he turned and sat
down over the little crevice through
which the water came. The soft earth
yielded to his weight, and with his
hands and feet he pressed it about him,
patting it to make it firm.

The difficulty had been solved with-
out his volition almost. It was only
after it was done that he thought of
the consequences. He calculated in his
unreasoning way that it was eight
o'clock. How long would he have to
remain there? For aught he knew, till
morning. He began to suffer by and
by from his cramped position, but he
dared not move even the least bit lest
the crevasse would open again.

He could not tell how time passed.
Every minute seemed an hour. He
could not hear the shouts of the men
below. There was only now and then
the hoot of an owl rising above the
roar of the water, or the swish as a

clod of earth was sucked into the mad
current. He wished he had not run
away from his work.

He began to get drowsy; his limbs
were almost numb. He wondered
what would become of him if he should
go to sleep. If the waters should rise
up over the levee and drown him and
ruin the cotton, would it make any dif-
ference then that he had tried to save
it? He was inadequate to the problem,
the like of which has puzzled graver
heads than his. The hooting of the
owl grew less and less frequent, the
swishing of the waters fainter and
fainter, the pain in his back easier.

He must have slept some time. Sud-
denly he was awakened by the gallop
of a horse on the road below. He was
too weak to move. His voice was al-
most gone, but as the horse and rider
approached he cried out with all the
strength he could summon: "Marse
Tom!"

Mr. Aiken drew rein quickly and tur-
ned his big lantern in the direction
of the voice.

"Who is it, and where are you?" he
asked, dismounting.

"It's me, boss," answered the boy.
"What the mischief are you doing
here, Pete?" inquired Aiken, peering



"STEER FOR THE OTHER SIDE!"

into the boy's begrimed face. "Why,
you are almost buried alive!"

"I runned away from back yonder,"
the boy answered. "I seed the levee
er breakin' here, so I stopp'd."

"Why, bless the boy," said Aiken,
"you must be nearly dead. What is to
be done? Can you stand it till I ride
back and get help to fill the break? It
will open as soon as you move."

"Yessir, but hurry, boss," answered
the boy.

As Aiken turned to remount he heard
the sound of boat wheels around the
curve and the whistle sounded out
hoarsely.

"By George!" exclaimed Aiken,
"there's a boat, and three more inches
of water will top the levee here and
then all is lost."

In a few moments the boat rounded
the curve and the big lights shone out
across the water.

"The Marsden," Aiken said, as he
saw the two smoke-stacks, "with Mor-
ton at the wheel; I shall have to fight
for it."

So saying he picked up his gun from
where he had dropped it when he dis-
mounted, and strode on a few paces up
stream to meet the boat.

"Steer for the other side!" he called
out when the boat was in hailing dis-
tance.

"I'm running this machine," re-
sponded the coarse voice of Morton,
"and I guess the river is free."

Aiken could see the little tongues of
water as they overlapped the banks
above. If the boat did not turn she
would send the water over the levee
lower down where the boy was, and he
and the whole embankment would be
sucked in. There was no time to be
lost.

Swinging the lantern above his head
so that Morton might see him, he
flung his rifle to his shoulder and
called back: "Come, another foot
nearer to this shore and you are a
dead man."

Morton knew what manner of man
he had to deal with. The wheel re-
versed, the boat tacked and grazed the
opposite shore, which was already sub-
merged.

"All right now, Pete," said Aiken,
gently, patting the boy's muddy pate.
"I'll go on and be back in a few mo-
ments."

When they came by and by and pet
sandbags in the hole Pete had been
covering the little fellow was too weak
to speak or to stand, and Mr. Aiken
took him up in his arms and himself
carried him to the house.

And now Pete does nothing but ride
on the back seat of the carriage to open
gates for the driver or to carry parcels
when Tom Aiken's pretty wife goes to
Shreveport shopping; for the "boss" is
grateful to the little hero who saved
the plantation.—Philadelphia Times.

—Mme. Blanc, whose pen name is
Th. Bentzon, is considered one of the
best critics and translators of American
literature in France. She translates
but part of a work, a page or a chapter
here and there, with critical comment
on what she considers untranslatable,
under which characterization comes so
much of the American slang used in
our fiction. Countess Dillon, better
known as "Marian Darcy," has also
done much toward making many of
our writers known in France, her first
great success being the translation of
Katharine Green's "Leavenworth
Case."

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—A Shawnee county, Kan., girl was
so anxious to marry that she eloped
with a St. Louis man and took her
grandmother with her.

—A Michigan man who lost both of
his legs in a saw mill sits around and
tells about the terrible battles of the
late war.—Texas Siftings.

—Repeated acts of robbery were com-
mitted by a young woman in Paris,
and on the trial, which recently oc-
curred, it was satisfactorily demon-
strated to the jury that she had been
under hypnotic influence. She was, of
course, acquitted.

—The Princess of Monaco, who has
last prevailed upon her husband to
close the gambling establishments in
his principality so soon as the leases
expire, is said to have concluded to
convert the beautiful casino at Monte
Carlo into a hospital for consumptives.

—Bismarck's witticisms are apt to be
caustic. During his recent visit to
Kissingen a conversation turned upon
the disease of the ear that is said to af-
lict Emperor William, when the ex-
chancellor put in with a laugh: "Admit
that I am fortunate in not having the
ear of the emperor."

—Ella Tickle, aged thirty years, who
lives near Middletown, O., is only
twenty-eight inches in height and
weighs but thirty-six pounds. At birth
she was of ordinary size and grew until
she was three years old. She has al-
ways enjoyed the best of health and
assists in the domestic duties of the
family.

—James Stillie, the Edinburgh book-
seller, is said to be the only man now
living in that city who knew Sir Walter
Scott. When a boy he carried proofs
to Abbotsford, and thus first encoun-
tered Scott, whom he afterward came
to know well. He says that "Scott
didn't know what pride was," and had
a kind word for everybody.

—Mr. Justice Field, of the United
States supreme court, frankly avows
his liking for the judicial gown. "The
general does his regalia when on duty,
as do all military officers," said he the
other day to a Chicago reporter; "the
clergyman when in the pulpit has on
his surplice, and why should not the
justice wear robes when on the bench?"

—It is not often that a person will
apply for admission into an insane
asylum on the ground that he is crazy.
But that is what a Nebraska man did
the other day. To his disgust he failed,
however, in convincing the county
poormaster of his insanity, and he re-
marked as he left the office: "Before
the end of the week I'll convince you
that I'm as wild as a hawk. I'll take
off my clothes, run the town, make
speeches from the courthouse steps and
other freaks of a like nature that I'll
undertake will insure my bed and board
until next spring."

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Aspirant—"What is the chief re-
quisite for a young lady entering the
literary field?" Editor—"Postage-
stamps."

—Miss Languish—"Were you ever
disappointed in love, Mr. Hearty?"
Mr. Hearty—"Yes, indeed; every time."

—Funny Cuts.
Bixby—"Uncle Rastus, why do
you call your mule 'Dreams'?" Uncle
Rastus—"Because he dun goes by con-
traries, sah."—N. Y. Herald.

—The Wrong Man.—Customer—
"How are these shirts, durable?"
Clerk—"I don't know. I don't trade
here."—Clothier and Furnisher.

—Lady (who is about to move, to
neighbor's boy)—"And what will you
do when I go away, Sammy, and leave
nobody in the house?" Sammy—"Break
all the windows."

—Johnnie (who is hiding a nickel)—
"I bet you don't know what it is that
has a head on one side and a tail on the
other." Tommie—"I'll bet I do. It's
a rooster on the fence."

—Miss Plumleigh (choking)—"Oh,
Mr. Dudekin! I—I really think I've
swallowed a dreadful fly! What shall
I do?" Dudekin—"Deah girl, better
swallow some fly papah."—Pittsburgh
Bulletin.

—An Accommodating Employer.—
Charlie Youngnoodle (stock clerk)—
"Mr. Duste, can I go on the road?"
Employer—"I have no particular ob-
jection, Charlie, if you prefer it to the
sidewalk."—Jewelers' Circular.

—Both Needed.—Fair Querer—"Hus-
band, dear, are there two 'I's' in busi-
ness?" Wideawake Husband—"Cer-
tainly there are, my love. A man who
goes into business with one eye is
going to be badly left."—Pittsburgh
Bulletin.

—Effie's Brother—"Do you love my
sister Effie?" Effie's Steady Companion
—"Why, Willie, that is a queer ques-
tion. Why do you want to know?"
Effie's Brother—"She said last night
she would give a dollar to know, and I
would like to get it."—Demorest's
Magazine.

—Miss Winslow (petting the mastiff)
—"Just see how roguish Bevis looks.
Sometimes I think that he understands
and appreciates all our jokes." Charley
Wheeler (who has been there, some-
what grimly)—"Yes; I've noticed that
he catches on very quickly."—Cleveland
World.

—The Clock Really Went Off.—New
Servant—"Can I have a different clock
in me bedroom, mum?" Mistress—
"Why, I put that clock in your room
for a special purpose. It's an alarm
clock." New Servant—"Well, mum, I
can't stand it. It woke me up this
mornin'!"—Philadelphia Record.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A CHILD OF SORROW.

Out in the street, with naked feet,
I saw the drunkard's little daughter;
Her tattered shawl was thin and small;
She little knew, for no one taught her.

Heart-broken child, she seldom smiled;
Hope promised her no brighter morrow;
Or, if its light flashed on her night,
Then up came darker clouds of sorrow.

She softly said: "We have no bread,
No wood to keep the fire a-burning."
The child was ill; the winds were chill,
Her thin, cold blood to ice was turning.

But men well fed and warmly clad,
And ladies robed in richest fashion,
Passed on the side where no one cried
To them for pity or compassion.

That long night fled, and then the light
Of rosy day in beauty shined,
Set done and spire and roof on fire,
And shone on one beyond repining.

Asleep—alone—as cold as stone,
Where no dear parent ever sought her,
In winding-sheet of snow and sleet,
Was found the drunkard's lifeless daugh-
ter.

—N. Y. Ledger.

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

A Practical Illustration of Its Beneficent
Influence.

A well-known Christian merchant of
this city not long ago had an urgent
telegram calling him to see an old
friend residing in a suburban town.

When he arrived at the house of his
friend he found the latter very ill and
only expected to live for a few hours.

The friend asked to see him alone,
and when by themselves, said: "My
doctor tells me that I can live at the
most but twenty-four hours. I want-
ed once more to see you and say to you
something that I have never told you."

In early life, as young men, they had
met in this city in business relations,
and it was at that period that the
close bond of personal friendship was
formed. They went much together in
society, and had great happiness in
each other. The one who was about
to pass away had in their young man-
hood a cousin, a beautiful young lady
in this city, in whose society both these
friends passed much time. On one
occasion she gave an elegant party,
at which both were in attendance.

During the evening when refreshments
were served, she came to the friend
of her cousin and asked him to drink
with her a glass of wine. Very fond
of her, the young man was sorely per-
plexed, but finally declined, saying:

"I will do anything for you that I
properly can, but I cannot drink the
glass of wine." Turning from him
with somewhat of an air of displeas-
ure, she said: "Well, I will go to—"
(her cousin), "he will drink it with
me." She crossed the room to her
cousin, extended the invitation to him
with the air of confident expectation,
but he also declined, greatly to her as-
tonishment, and not a little to her cha-
grin. In this last interview, many
years after the party in question, one
thing which passed between these two
old friends was the statement of the
one who was about to die, which he
wished to make as something of a con-
fession, to the effect that he was at
that time an observer across the room
of what transpired with his cousin, and
although he had never before thought
of abstaining from intoxicating bever-
ages, to the social use of which he had
always been accustomed, influenced by
the example of his friend in declining,
he also determined to decline. He
wished now to make acknowledgment
of his gratitude for this eventful
incident in his life, which he had no
doubt had saved him from excesses and
ruin which, in his case, would have al-
most certainly followed the continu-
ance of the drink habit.

In this incident may be seen a prac-
tical illustration of the power of right
example. Its influence is sometimes
more potent and far-reaching than words
of counsel alone, however good they
may be. May every one, young and
old, realize in the light of this dying
statement of one friend to another, the
great value and importance of the ab-
stainer's example to others.—National
Temperance Advocate.

DRINKING MEN NOT WANTED.

The Feeling Against Them Growing
Stronger in Business and Society.

The progress of barring out from po-
sitions of trust and profit all men who
indulge in intoxicants is becoming
more widespread every year. With
some occupations it is almost an abso-
lute rule that drinking men are not
wanted. All the leading railroad com-
panies of the country refuse to employ
men who drink, and this practice is ex-
tending even to street-car lines. A
short time ago, the Fourth avenue
street-car company, of New York city,
one of the principal ones in that city,
issued an order to all its conductors and
drivers notifying them that it would
hereafter be considered sufficient
cause for immediate dismissal for any
of them to visit a saloon at either end
of the road between trips. The officers
of the road frankly said that the noti-
fication was issued to insure discipline
among the men, some of whom were
in the habit of leaving their cars
and horses unattended while they loitered
in saloons at one end or the other
of the line. The men themselves got
up some little excitement over the or-
der, and even talked of organizing a
strike to have it rescinded; but wiser
counsel prevailed, when they reflected
that there were plenty of men in the
city who were perfectly willing to take
their places, and who did not make a
habit of visiting saloons.

The growth of the feeling can also be
seen in many secret societies, which

condemn the liquor traffic and exclude
liquor sellers from membership. In
this case the objection is to the man's
occupation. One who makes it his sole
employment to administer to a debased
appetite among men is not considered
worthy of fellowship with the gentle-
men composing the order. It will be
remembered that the grand lodge of
odd fellows of the state of Indiana re-
cently decided hereafter to exclude all
liquor dealers from the organization.

Similar action has been taken by the
masonic order, and by the Knights of
Pythias, in different states. Every such
action reveals the deep-seated condem-
nation among the intelligent masses of
society against intemperance and
against the men who make it their oc-
cupation to foster it.

All these facts are cheering indica-
tions of the steady and sure, if some-
what slow, growth of public sentiment
in opposition to the liquor traffic and
to drinking men. No more powerful
lever can be used to induce men to con-
trol their appetites, than to have pub-
lic sentiment impress upon them the
conviction that they cannot afford to get
drunk. It is by strengthening this
sentiment that the friends of prohibi-
tion must look for their most efficient
aid. When you can convince a man by
the stern logic of facts that it don't
pay to get drunk, he will be very apt
to avoid the habit if he has already
contracted it, and to shun the saloon.

When the masses of the people are edu-
cated up to the understanding that it
don't pay, they will be quite willing
to join in the effort to entirely suppress
the drink habit.—Toledo Blade.

A DEBASING TRAFFIC.

Evils Arising from Furnishing Drink to
the Native Races.

A member of a naval lodge of good
templars on board one of the British
naval vessels on the west coast of
Africa, in a letter read at the late an-
niversary meeting of the Drink and
Native Races association, writes:

We are out here on the spot and can
see for ourselves the immense evils
arising from this devilish traffic. In
the steamer which brought us out to
the Cape of Good Hope to join our
ships were two missionaries with cases
of Bibles, etc., to bring the glad tidings
of great joy unto the poor benighted
heathens, and down in the hold of the
same vessel were twenty-one hundred
gallons of Holland gin and fifteen hun-
dred gallons of rum intended for
the selfsame heathens. Now, my
brothers and sisters, please ask
yourselves what good is it send-
ing out missionaries to enlighten
the negro when we allow the devil
and his agents to send out that which
utterly destroys the good they may be
able to do? We seamen, although,
as it were, on the scene of battle, are
helpless to do anything in this matter
except to urge the poor blacks to ab-
stain from the drink; but when we
speak to them on the subject they tell
us: "White man bring it, white man
drink it, and black man drink it." And
black man does drink it and dies in
consequence. One of the objects for
which our ship is stationed here is the
suppression of the slave trade, but the
ships of all sorts that pass in and out
of the rivers have on board that which
blinds the negroes with worse chains
than those which Wilberforce broke
asunder, which holds them in stronger
bonds than Abraham Lincoln united in
America, and which blinds them in
slavery more degrading, more debas-
ing and more damning than any for
which the brave men of the northern
states went to war with their southern
brethren to abolish.—National Tem-
perance Advocate.

NOTES HERE AND THERE.

EX-SENATOR INGALLS says: "How to
deal with the liquor question is one of
the great problems of the century; one
of the most stupendous questions that
ever engaged the human mind. There
is nothing that can be said in favor of
the saloon."

In a recent card to the public Frances
E. Willard says with regard to the
"Keeley cure" that she is a friend to
Dr. Keeley and an advocate of the cure.
She admitted that some of her remarks
in a recent speech concerning the news-
papers that advocated the Keeley cure
were too sweeping in character and
said if Dr. Keeley would make the
secret of his method known the W. C.
T. U.'s around the world would try and
supply it free to any unable to pur-
chase for themselves.

The lack of the right kind of food is
the cause of much of the drunkenness.
After drinking what many of our
grocers call coffee, sweetened with
what many call sugar, and eating what
many of our butchers call meat, and
chewing what many of our bakers call
bread, many of our laboring classes feel
so miserable they are tempted to put
into their nasty pipes what the tobac-
conist calls tobacco or go into the drink-
ing saloons for what the rum-sellers
call beer. Good coffee would do much
in driving out bad rum.—Talmage.

Young men are learning the every-
day commercial value of temperance.
The "good fellow" man is he who stays
at the ladder's foot, and his comrades
profit by the object lesson. In no walk
of life are the higher paths open as
they were, not so very long ago, to the
man who drinks. Business men, pro-
fessional men, look upon an employee's
convivial habits as a menace to them-
selves! What once found ready excuse
now suffers not even toleration. This
is a plain lesson of the times. And this
is the reason common sense is every
day forwarding the cause of practical
temperance.

THE HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24 1891.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

No one is allowed on the streets of DuLand, Fla., after ten o'clock at night.

Frederick E. Ives of Philadelphia is confident that he has invented a process for photographing in colors. It is to be hoped that he has.

A man arrested at Oakland, Cal., for masquerading as a colored woman, urged in extenuation of his offense that he had been hypnotized.

There is nothing in the line of brain food more palatable than a good fresh phrase. It is mental confectionery. An eastern divine calls the dressting age "the milk and water millennium."

The Wichita Eagle believes that the very first thing the "calamity howlers" would do if they were to get into power would be to abolish Thanksgiving day.

Ralph Ray Hamilton is dead at last. All doubt about his demise is at an end. The body said to be his has been exhumed and its identity unquestionably established.

D. U. Sloan of Atlanta has invented a method by which hard ground may be pulverized to a depth of two or three feet at an expense of \$25 per acre. He triturates the globe with dynamite.

John Pitt escaped from jail in Lehigh, N. C., last week. He went back the next day of his own accord. Twenty-four hours of freedom convinced him that "there's no place like home."

The purchase of Alaska was one of the best bargains ever made. This was demonstrated years ago. But the evidence continues to pile up. Recently immense coal deposits have been discovered in that territory.

Mrs. William Stuart, of Brenham, Tex., sought a bill by getting rid of a Bill. She came within fifteen minutes of being a bigamist for a quarter of a hour after she obtained her divorce she wedded a second husband.

A near-sighted young man who had forgotten his eye-glasses walked through a plate glass window worth \$150 in New York the other day. He will probably be farsighted enough to take his eye glasses with him hereafter.

Working for humanity has never been a paying vocation; but the noble spirits who follow it care little for financial results. Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, now blind and old, is living in wretchedness and poverty in Turin.

Five hundred dollars were received at the treasury department a day or two ago, with the accompanying note: "This money is interest on moneys defrauded from the government years ago. Principal and interest have now been restored." There are more active consciences in this world than one in his dyspeptic moments is willing to admit.

L. Augustus Hudson of Cortland, N. Y., died the other day from excessive bicycle riding. When in the full possession of life he thought of little else than bicycles. So it was but natural that in his last moments they should occupy his sole attention. Just before death he requested that the Cortland wheel club should escort him to the grave. At his funeral Wednesday the hearse was preceded by 70 wheelmen on their wheels. Behind the hearse was Hudson's wheel, draped in mourning and propelled by the president of the club. It was, indeed, a unique event in funeral annals.

Some people learn more quickly than others. One of Ruskin's pupils said to him: "Ah, Mr. Ruskin, the first moment that I entered the gallery at Florence I saw at once what you meant when asserting the supremacy of Botticelli." "Did you—in a moment?" remarked Ruskin. "It took me 20 years to find out that."

A Georgia judge has a way of defending the dignity of the bench peculiarly his own. He reprimanded a lawyer for being late in court. The lawyer characterized him as no gentleman. He stepped from the bench and knocked the lawyer down, and then put the poor man under heavy bonds to answer for disorderly conduct.

Very few men have the grit of Mrs. Dora Tischler, of New York. Coming home from a shopping tour she found two men ransacking her bureau. She pounced upon them both at once and shouted for help. One of her prisoners managed to escape, but she did not unlose her grip upon the other until a policeman had him fast.

William Schultz, a New York junkman, has hanged himself. After years of rigid economy he has saved \$1,400. He was afraid to put it in a bank, so he intrusted it to his pastor, Rev. Conrad Jung. Jung, in whose honesty he had implicit faith, disappeared with it. Too old to work, too proud to be an object of charity, Schultz anticipated the inevitable in his woodshed.

Benjamin Frieman went to sleep in a Philadelphia synagogue, Monday. Bernard Weintrap thought it would be a good joke to pour some ammonia into Frieman's mouth. He could hardly restrain his laughter when he imagined how suddenly Frieman would awake. But he now has a painful appreciation of the fact that courts do not possess his exquisite sense of humor.

Carrie Bostwick, a Cortland, N. Y. girl, had the diphtheria and a report obtained credence that she was dead. Dr. Cheney of the State Normal school, where Carrie attended, eulogized her memory in an eloquent address which moved her class to tears, the newspapers printed her obituary, and classmates sent funeral flowers. She was not dead, though very sick. She is much better and does not intend to die if she can avoid it.

Queensland has a case of retributive justice. A gang of strikers insisted that a hotel keeper should discharge his Chinese cook for no other reason than that he was a Chinese. The strikers was too much for the hotel keeper and the cook had to go. He was engaged by the local police. The leading striker was soon arrested for sedition and the first thing he was set to work at in the prison was chopping wood for the Chinese cook.

A Carrollton (Mo.) tenant, when he moved out of a house, forgot a wooden chopping bowl worth 18 cents. He went back to get it. He had some words with the owner of the house, who refused to let him have it. From a financial point of view it would have been well for him to have let the owner of the house keep the bowl, but there was a principle involved and money was no object. He replevied the bowl and the ensuing litigation cost him \$17.

The case of Mrs. John Gately vs. the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, was being heard in Oswego, N. Y., the other day, when there was suddenly a great sensation. Some years ago Mrs. Gately's husband disappeared. Shortly afterward the body of an unknown man was found in the Erie Canal and was identified as the missing Mr. Gately by four witnesses. He was insured for \$2,000 and Mrs. Gately sued for the amount, as the association was not sure that she was a widow and refused to pay. While the case was in progress Mr. Gately walked into the court room and confronted his wife. Disappointed in her quest of the \$2,000 Mrs. Gately had her long lost husband forthwith arrested for abandoning his family.

—GRAND—

CLOAK OPENING AND SALE

—AT—

A. C. TAYLOR'S, JAMESTOWN, O.,

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28th, 91.

THIS WILL BE THE LARGEST DISPLAY OF

Cloaks and Wraps

Ever exhibited in Jamestown, representing two manufacturers, one of Cloaks and one of Wraps, and you will have over

500 Different Garments to Select From.

The elegant styles alone will pay you to come and see, and you can buy a

CLOAK, WRAP or JACKET

From 20 to 50 per cent. CHEAPER at this sale than you can this season, being direct from the manufacturers, and we extend the

LADIES OF CEDARVILLE AND VICINITY

A cordial invitation to attend this sale, and assure you that you will not only be satisfied, but

Well Paid for Your Coming.

RESPECTFULLY,

A. C. TAYLOR,

Remember the date, Wednesday, October 28th, 1891.

ANDREW JACKSON,

SUCCESSOR TO DUNLAP & CO.

—DEALER IN—

PINE LUMBER OF ALL KINDS.

A NEW STOCK OF

SIDING, FINISHING, FLOORING, SASH, DOORS BLINDS

SCREEN DOORS

A large stock, All size, Ready for hanging, at low prices. Estimates furnished on application, for anything in the line of Lumber.

Good Grades, Low Price.

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.

OCTOBER!

OCTOBER!

MAKE YOUR

◀ FALL AND WINTER PURCHASES ▶

While our stock is complete with bargains. Our stock was never more complete! Our prices never lower! You are invited to call and examine goods and prices for yourself.

STORMONT & CO

THE HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 24 1891.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r.

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

Robt. Gray was in Kentucky this week visiting his mother.

Will Turnbull has gone to Springfield to attend Nelson's business college.

Miss Gertrude Denn entertained a number of Xenia friends Thursday evening.

Post your farm. Your name inserted in the HERALD three weeks for ten cents.

Mrs. Davis and son, of Adams county, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. John George.

"Perfection, God's Ideal for Man," will be the theme at the M. E. church to-morrow morning.

Have you purchased a lecture course ticket? If not do so at once so the talent can be secured.

Robert Bird was in Cincinnati last week buying new goods. Bob is always up with the times.

Miss Bernice Wolford is in Springfield attending school at Willis' business college of short-hand.

The Literary Society of District No. 2 will meet Monday evening, Nov. 2nd. All members please come prepared.

John Weymouth, of Bellefontain, visited his parents here this week, returning home Friday morning, accompanied by his mother.

There will be a meeting of the "Y's" next Monday evening at the residence of Mr. Mart Barber. All members should be present.

A number of young folks tripped to the "light fantastic" at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Huffman's Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crawford entertained about seventy-five invited guests at their home in North Cedarville, last Tuesday evening.

K. B. Rader came down from Springfield yesterday on his wheel and paid his wife, who is visiting her parents here, a short visit.

Next Monday evening Hon. W. S. Kerr, of Mansfield, and Frank McGrue, of Springfield, will speak in the Opera House in the interest of the Republican party.

Rev. Dudley, the most popular gentleman in this vicinity with all classes, will deliver an address before the Logan Club of this place in the Opera House, Monday evening, Nov. 2. The club extends a cordial invitation to all to be present and hear what he has to say.

It has been suggested by the county board of elections that a mock election be held in the Clerk's office next Saturday from 3 p. m. until 8 o'clock. The regularly appointed judges and clerks to act on that day. Members of all political parties will vote.

This week we publish a card from the pen of G. W. Harper, the People's party candidate for State Senator in this district, in which he sets forth his views on finance and railroads, the two most important questions now before the people of this country, from his party's standpoint. His views are logical and should be read.

The county board of election at their meeting last Saturday, changed the line of the north and south precincts of this township to run with the postal telegraph lines. This division will give the voting place of the north precinct in the clerks office, while that of the south will be held in John Nesbit's room on South Main street.

After No. 20, East-bound express, passed South Charleston some three miles, last Thursday evening, a passenger who was either crazy or bent on suicide, jumped from one of the coaches through a window, the train running about forty miles an hour. The train was immediately stopped and backed, but no trace of the maniac could be found. The conductor telegraphed back to the authorities at that place, who immediately sent out a searching party.

The ladies of this vicinity are again in their element, and are calling singly, in pairs and by droves to the opening of fall millinery at Mrs. Condon's which commenced yesterday and will continue to-day. Her store is a marvel of elegance, filled as it is with the latest designs in trimmed goods, in bonnets, hats, turbans and toques, to say nothing of the ribbons, feathers and other ornaments which she has in profusion.

Mrs. Cline met with quite a serious accident Wednesday afternoon. Returning from the funeral of Mrs. Huffman she was getting out of the buggy in front of her residence when in some manner she fell, her head striking the curbing, cutting a deep gash and rendering her insensible for some time. She was carried into the house and Dr. Oglesbee summoned, who dressed her wounds. It is hoped she will be able to be about in a short time.

PITTIGREW & McMILLAN.
The Xenia Undertakers Again to the Front.

Yesterday they received from the manufacturers one of the finest Funeral Cars ever in this State. It is all a dead black; the four massive columns, one at each corner, enclosing the heavy plate glass sides which are draped in heavy black drapery that may be extended to the floor of the car, makes it an ideal Funeral Car. This, with their white hearse, constitutes as complete an outfit as could be desired.

MAIL ORDERS

On kid gloves promptly filled from the largest kid glove stock in the country. Fine kid gloves is one of our specialties and we have a full line of the P. Centimeri & Co., fine gloves for which we are sole agents. They are the best goods made and give perfect satisfaction—on our own importation we have the best 1.00 and \$1.25 gloves sold anywhere—the 1.00 glove we have in both buttoned and lace in blk. tans and slates. In the 1.25 our "Marceau", you get the best value—we have them in both dressed and undressed and undressed and buttoned and hooked and a large assortment of shades including the newest colorings shown—A special low priced glove is a Barritze glove at 60cts. a pair worth 1.00 in tans and brown—also Gauntlets for driving.

JOBE BROS. and CO.

Will Sterrett and wife lost their baggage while on their way to Pittsburgh last week. There was two sections of the train on which they were going out of Columbus, and their baggage was sent on the first section while they themselves went on the second section. The first section was wrecked and the baggage cars, together with their contents, were burned.

Gloves, Overalls, Socks, etc., at Andrew Bros. & Co.
Sunday Creek, Hoeking, Jackson, Pittsburgh and Anthracite Coal at Andrew Bros. & Co.

Hueking Gloves, Peggs, etc., at Andrew Bros. & Co.

The best Feed Basket ever made can be found at Andrew Bros. & Co.

REMEMBER

That we keep the Stark Boots, also the Snag Proof Boots, at J. C. Barber's.

FRESH GOODS

In Blankets, Yarns and Flannels, at J. C. Barber's.

TRUNKS

And Horse Blankets, at J. C. Barber's.

FOR SALE.

A lot of household furniture, consisting of 1 Walnut Bedroom Set, 1 Extension Table, 1 Marble Top Center Table, 1 large Willow Rocking Chair, 1 Red Plush and 1 Brown Rep Patent Rocker, 1 Folding Bed Lounge, 1 Domestic Sewing Machine, new, 1 Hanging Lamp, etc., etc. Sale private. Terms cash. For particulars call on Mrs. HARVE OWENS.

BIG VALUES

AND LITTLE PRICES

One fact is worth a column of argument. Some people are courteous enough to listen to stories they have heard before but they do it only out of politeness, for a story that is worth telling twice must be a good one. Here's a story however that never grows old and never loses its force. For little prices we give big values. We don't sell at market prices, we go below them, and we sell you a suit of Boys Clothing for school at \$1.90 that was never sold anywhere for less than \$3.00.

J. E. LOWRY.

Opera House Block.

Smoke Wheeling Stogies, at Bull's.

Do not forget the voting school to-morrow; Poles will be opened at 4 o'clock p. m., and voting will be continued until about 9 o'clock. Everybody is allowed to vote.

Friends of Mr. James Gowdey will be sorry to learn he is suffering with an attack of paralysis. He is now at the Soldier's Home at Sandusky, receiving medical treatment.

The Young People of the U. P. Church in this presbytery will meet in Cedarville next Thursday and Friday. A complete programme of the proceedings appears on the first page of this paper.

Buckwheat Flour, at Bull's.
Window Glass and Putty, at Bull's.

Choice Celery at Bull's.

School Books and School Supplies, at Bull's.

The finest Candies in town, at Bull's.

Bibles, Bible Songs and Psalm Books at Bull's.

You can get anything in the grocery line at Bull's.

Wood and Willow ware at GRAY'S.

Halters, collars and all kinds of harness sundries at James Murray's.

If you want to see nobby hats call at J. E. Lowry's.

Buy your winter boots of Stormont and Co.

Genuine Caneas Rubber boots and shoes warranted the best at Stormont and Co.

Robes and blankets, the best grades at bankrupt prices at Stormont and Co.

5a Horse blankets, wolf robes, etc., at Andrew Bro & Co.

Hard and Soft refined Sugars at GRAY'S.

FOR SALE or RENT.

The Iliff homestead near M. E. church, Cedarville. For particulars call on Wm. Iliff administrator of estate.

A Little Girl's Experience in A Lighthouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach, Mich. and are blessed with a daughter, four years old. Last April she was taken down with measles, followed with a dreadful cough and turning into a fever. doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones".—Then she tried Dr. King's new discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured. They say Dr. King's new discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free at B. G. Ridgway's drugstore.

Notice to Hunters.

The undersigned gives notice that no hunting will be allowed on her premises in Cedarville and Ross townships, Greene County, Ohio, under penalty of the law.

ROSE CHAMPERS.

Gatch, of Xenia, delights in taking pictures of children. 43 East Main St.

Have your photograph taken in one of the many pretty styles at Gatch's, Xenia.

Something in the way of novelties at Gatch's photograph gallery, Xenia.

All kinds of heating stoves, in base-burners and common heaters, for hard and soft coal and wood, can be found at Grouse & Bull's.

A Wonder Worker.

Mr. Frank Huffman, a young man of Burlington, Ohio, states that he had been under care of two prominent physicians, and used their treatment until he was not able to get around. They pronounced his case to be consumption and incurable. He was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds and at that time was not able to walk across the street without resting. He found, before he had used half of a dollar bottle, that he was much better; he continued to use it and is to-day enjoying good health. If you have any Throat, Lung or Chest Trouble try it. We guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottle free at B. G. Ridgway's Drugstore.

VOL. 12

THE

AN INDEPENDENT

SATURDAY

W. H. BLAIR

PRICE

Rev. Dudley

In the Opera

Next Monday

Everybody

George St.

Rev. Dudley

speak in the

evening.

The W. H.

a box of fruit

at Sandusky

BABY D.

have baby's

of Xenia, 4

Amos Tor

turned from

have been v

The Gree

tute meets i

ber from he

Paraguay

that there is

ing in a bri

lution.

Mr. Tufts

field to Ce

his bicycle

minutes.

When y

Gatch's plu

the many p

made for C

J. J. J

Governor o

spoke in to

evening to

MARRIAG

er and Ly

Porter and

Paxton an

Oregon

able article

World's fa

a machine

and wipes

of a woma

SOMETH

Call at G

Xenia, an

the ivory

Christmas

The cla

itualet is

been ma

predilecti

troit bish

a Roman.

Mrs. E

Leah, of

Gilkey, c

visiting t

Mrs. Cra

visit frie

lumbus r

returning

morning

panied b

A sho

ville par

across th

night of

Hamilt

Spencer

the color

alterati

Spencer

ton's w

the next

Spencer

be laid